life must identify itself with the ideal portrait he desires. And, in still simpler terms, he must be as he wishes to be.

4 January

I thank thee, O Lord, that the only feminine influence on my delighted soul, which wishes for no other, that the influence of Em. has always guided me toward the highest truths and has always inclined me to studious attitudes.

I take joy in thinking that if she were to return to me I should have no secrets for her.

6 January

I notice this difference between intelligence and wit: intelligence is by nature egotistical while wit presupposes intelligence on the part of the one to whom it is addressed.

Whence I get this: intelligence explains (Taine, Bourget, etc.); wit simply recounts (eighteenth century).

Wit is necessary to a clever talker; intelligence is enough for a good listener.

II

January

I am torn by a conflict between the rules of morality and the rules of sincerity.

Morality consists in substituting for the natural creature (the old Adam) a fiction that you prefer. But then you are no longer sincere. The old Adam is the sincere man.

This occurs to me: the old Adam is the poet. The new man, whom you prefer, is the artist. The artist must take the place of the poet. From the struggle between the two is born the work of art.

20 January

In Uzes again.

You talk; you argue; finally you discover that you are dominated by auditory impressions whereas you are talking to someone predomi-

nantly visual. And you thought you understood each other! What a difference that makes! (That among other things.)

Two things provoke each other in me and yet I don't mind: the endless boredom I inspire in myself and my endless love for the pure idea.

This is what must happen. It is a victorious progress; adoration kills the individual. The God takes his place.

I had begun again to work over my mediocre poems of last September. But that bores me. Today I have discovered such rich domains that